KATHARINE NORTH.

XIV.

MRS. NORTH'S NOTE.

Copyright: 1892; By The Tribune Association Again Mrs. North tried to shrink away from ber husband, and again she found that she could

She had heard him say that he pushed Mr. Grove into the water, but she did not believe the statement. It was only a symptom of approaching insanity Hadn't she seen Colburn jump in after the deacon? Now, if she had been so exceedingly simple as to forget that she was a church member and do such a deed, she shouldn't have changed her mind and undone it.

How does the affair strike you, Roxy?" Mr. North put this inquiry in the most reckless

He had no fear that his wife would reveal

what he had confessed. Still, in his present mood, he cared very little if she should do so. When Mrs. North felt sure that she had the control of her tongue and lips, she said:

"I wish you'd stop the horse, Colburn. jest as lives walk the rest of the way."

"You can just as well ride. I'm going right

by the house.

"I'd as lives walk," said Roxy. But her husband didn't stop the horse.

continued to drive on. The woman sank back upon the seat. Her imagination had become so active that she now asked herself if it were likely that Colburn had secreted his razor about him and would suddenly

draw it for the purpose of cutting her threat. This unwonted exercise of the imagination had the most confusing effect. Mrs. North was even conscious that her heart beat. "Having pushed him in," now said Mr. North,

"and given him a rheumatic fever-did you say 'twas rheumatic?-do you think I'm going to inquire about him? No, I don't feel like it. I've obeyed you tolerably well, Roxy, but I guess I'll draw the line here.

ber husband. "But-but you pulled him out," she managed

And she watched North's hands to see if they made any movement toward a hidden razor. She Wondered if she could jump over the wheel. She knew she could not. She must stay there and have her threat cut from ear to ear. For that was what men did frequently with razors.

Any way, she was glad she had always cooked Colburn's victuals to suit him.

"Yes, I pulled him out. You see, I wasn't one of these real, genuine, double-dyed villains who can stick to a good thing. He was so devilish provoking-and I kept thinking of Kitty, and how she would be free. And he was close to the edge after we'd landed; and the people crowding round. All at once, it seemed the best chance world to straighten things out. I just crowded up with the rest, and I found it easy enough to do. I remembered he couldn't swim. And I was glad of it. Of course, somebody would have pulled him out if I hadn't. But when I saw him in the water, I couldn't stand it. It was too horrible."

Here the man shuddered.

So I just went after him? But if the wretch is going to be sick and die because he happened to fall into the salt water that day, you see it leaves me with rather of a load on my mind. Mr. North looked grimly ahead along the road. His wife looked at him. There was silence be-

At last Mrs. North began again to smooth her shawl over her knees. Her mind groped after something, she knew not what. She recalled that the stove. it was preparatory lecture at their church that ture would have on the fact that her husband had attempted to drown some one and had then rescued that person.

After a while Mrs. North suggested once more that she could walk the rest of the way. But she was really hardly aware that she spoke.

Mr. North's expression softened somewhat as he looked at her and saw the unmistakable signs of bewilderment and suffering.

"It would be just like him to die," he said. Then he laughed and added, "only he'll want to live for the chance of marrying again."

"Colburn," said his wife, "I wish you wouldn't

"There isn't much likelihood of that. If he dies"-here a solemn intensity came to the speaker's voice-"I ought to be glad of it. Kitty'll be a free woman, with some hope in

"Colburn," said his wife, "I wish you wouldn't You frighten me."

But Colburn made no response to this remark It would require some time for him to adjust his mind to the idea that his wife could be fright-

When they reached the gate of Deacon Grove place Mr. North let his wife climb out of the wagon unassisted. He watched her as she walked up the path between the smoke trees. And as he watched he repeated to himself "As long as they both shall live."

Then he drove on without a suspicion that his wife was afraid he had concealed a razor about

Mrs. North found the Feeding Hills doctor se lecting something from his medicine chest in the sitting-room. This room already had that peculiar odor of paregoric which is so associated with

old school country physicians. The doctor paused in the act of touching his

tongue to the stopper of a phial. "Good morning, Mrs. North," he said with extreme cheerfulness. "I hope you've brought your daughter with you, ch? The place for a wife is by her husband's side, eh? And Grove is going to have a serious time, serious time, I fear. He lifted another phial and smelled of its con-

tents. "Rheumatic fever-long winded, tedious -complications very likely. Better send for your daughter. Of course she'll come now. Girls have whims, but this isn't a time for whims."

He compounded something in a glass which he filled half full of water. He rose from his chair briskly stirring the liquid with a spoon and sniffing at it. He was so very cheerful as to seem almost out of place in a house where rheumatic fever with complications was present. But if a doctor isn't going to be cheerful in the midst of illness

Mrs. North was glad for an opportunity to sit down away from her husband. started from home she had in mind several ex-

She took off her gloves and made them into ball by turning one inside of the other. She thought she would offer to watch, if the sick man had begun to have watchers. But she would have

And she meant to start out and walk before it was time for her husband to come back. She not find herself quite able to contemplate sitting beside a man whom she suspected of having a razor about him ready for use on throats.

greater cheeriness of demeanor. "And he'll be worse before he is better."

"Who's goin' to nuss him?" she asked

"Miss Riddle is here for the present." You don't mean 'Gusty Riddle?"

The two looked at each other and the doctor ailed broadly, but he said nothing until after a somewhat long pause.

He gazed keenly at the woman as he said this. He did not try to conceal his curiosity. He, like

through Feeding Hills.

affair was an inexhaustible theme for talk all doing what she could, but he mustn't build

nothing on it. She almost hurried down the stairs and out of the front door. She walked down the road fear-Mrs. North's face was imperviously stolid ing all the time that she should hear the wheels of She was not even going to say that a man's wife | Colburn's wagon behind her. And she was com posing the letter she would send to her daughter.

Her husband need know nothing about it. She that 'Gusty Riddle was said to be a most excelwanted to make the letter as strong as possible She almost dared hope that Deacon Grove's sick The doctor nodded. He knew a great many of the "ins and outs" of nearly all the families for ness was Providential. But when she thought of miles around, and he greatly enjoyed that how it had been brought about she didn't feel so sure of the Providential part of it. But Providence worked in a mysterious way.

This time Mrs. North was moved to act im

Therefore it came to pass that the next after noon when Mrs. Llandaff received her mail sh came to a letter addressed to her which, when she opened it, she found contained a sealed envelope with the word "Katharine" laboriously written

She knew her sister's writing. It had no changed much since the time when the two sat side by side and struggled beyond slanting marks between two ruled lines.

Mrs. Llandaff raised her eyes and looked at he

The girl was half lying on a couch by the win After a few moments she rose and went into the dow. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading. Her face was turned toward that lovely coast line which stretches away along the ocean edge of Cohasset.

Even in these few days there was a great difference in Katharine. The expression of the eyes, as if their owner were watching and listening in more or less harassed manner, was gone. The lines about the lips had changed in some indescrib-She said she hoped Miss North would excuse her able way. There was an air of freedom and hopegittin' up, for when she was down it was hard to

Mrs. Llandaff was keenly conscious of this change. This consciousness brought with it to her a fuller sense of the joys of life-a fuller sense than she had expected could be hers again.

And now what was the mother writing For an instant Roxy's sister felt a temptatio to send back that letter without allowing the owner of it to see it. But Mrs. Llandaff's temptations had never been strongly in the line of any

"Kitty," she said, "here's something from your mother.

The girl started. Her eyes dilated; a wave of color rose to her forehead and then subsided into

She rose feeling as if she were suddenly thrust

lown into blackness.

She took the letter and went back to the win ward her mother.

her bedroom, leaving the girl alone. She laid herself down on the bed, and after a little she was lulled by the sound of the waves and the heat, and she fell asleep.

heard Katharine saving : "Aunt Kate, will you wake?" She opened her eyes and smiled reassuringly

low.

drew back a step.

"I see you are going to be perfectly unreasonable," she said. "I tell you I have a mind to lock you up in your room. I thought you had got beyon! being influenced by your mother."

"It isn't mother."

Katharine leaned against the window-casing. She looked desperate and hopeless, and as her aunt had said, "perfectly unreasonable."

"But it's your mother who has written?"

"Yes."

"And your mother is playing upon your uscience. She wants you to go and take care him. Oh, I don't love my sister!"
The woman flung out one hand dramatically.
"You don't think I'd go for Mr. Grove?" cried tharing.

But she knew directly that she could not "No," she said, "he doesn't know that mother has written. But it's for him, all the same. Don't you think I'd do a great deal for my father, Aunt Kate? He's been my comfort. My father has loved me. And he's in trouble. I don't think I ought to tell what it is. It's—it's something he has done. I would even try to nurse Deacon Grove for father's sake."

"Is it that you may nurse that man that you are going to Feeding Hills?"

"I don't know. If father wants me to do that—but I must get ready; I ought to take the next boat to Boston."

"Go and get ready then," responded Mrs.

"Go and get ready then," responded Mrs.

Llandaff.

Her manner told that she had given up all idea of trying to restrain her niece.

And she seemet almost cold, so that Katharine's heart, as she looked at her, gave a great heat of

But the girl controlled herself and walked away.

She left the room and walked toward her own room. Reaching it, she stood outside the door a moment, trying to think what were the trivial things it was necessary for her to do to prepare to go in the next boat. She found it difficult to bring her mind to the subject. She was going to leave her Aunt Kate. That fact weighed upon her so desolately that she could not see much farther. And her Aunt Kate had somewhat disappointed her; but of course she had irritated Mrs. Llandaff beyond endurance. That lady had a thousand interest in life while she—the girl—oh, what interest in life had she now? Only to help her father if he were in trouble, and he was in trouble on her account.

A strong whill of salt air came rushing down the corridor where she stood. It came from the

She was thinking, "I will look at the water again.
I shall have to go somewhere to earn my living.
but of course I shall never come back here any

nore."
She stepped out on the baleony.
As she did so, Llandaff, who was leaning upon the railing with a telescope in his hand, turned immediately.

He put down the glass hurriedly and took off

Never Ouestioned.

The superior purity,

While other baking powder makers are exposing the impurities and shortcomings of the powders of their competitors, and the official tests by the

Government are revealing the improper ingredients, the low strength, and lack of keeping qualities of other brands of baking powder, no question is raised, no doubt is entertained of the great qualities, the absolute purity and efficiency of the Royal Baking Powder. It stands alone, above suspicion.

A GHOUL'S ACCOUNTANT.

UCE DEAL. In a wilderness sunlight is noise. Darkness

is a great, tremendous silence, accented by small and distant sounds. The music of the wind in the trees is songs of loneliness, hymns on abandonment, and lays of the absence of things con-

The fire grouned in its last throes, but the bundles

Off in the gloomy unknown a foot fell upon : twig. The laurel leaves shivered at the stealthy passing of danger. A moment later a man crept into the spot of dim light. His skin was fiercely red and his whiskers infinitely black. He gazed at the four passive bundles and smiled a smile that curled his lips and showed yellow, disordered teeth. The campfire threw up two lurid arms and, quivering, expired. The voices of the trees grew hoarse and frightened. The bundles were

The intruder stepped softly nearer and looked at the bundles. One was shorter than the others He regarded it for some time motionless. The hemlocks quavered nervously and the grass shook The intruder slid to the short bundle and touched it. Then he smiled. The bundle partially upreared itself, and the head of a little man ap-

at the grin of a ghoul condemned to torment. "Come," croaked the ghoul.

"What?" said the little man. He began to feel his flesh slide to and fro on his bones as h

looked into this smile. "Come," croaked the ghoul. gray and could not move his legs. The ghou lifted a three-pronged pickerel-spear and flashed

it near the little man's throat. He saw menac on its points. He struggled heavily to his feet. He cast his eyes upon the remaining mummylike bundles, but the ghoul confronted his face with the spear. "Where?" shivered the little man.

The ghoul turned and pointed into the dark ess. His countenance shone with lurid light of "Go!" he croaked.

was still immovable. He tried to pierce the sloth with a glance, and opened his mouth to whoop, but the spear ever threatened his face. The bundles were left far in the rear and the

Tangled thickets tripped him, saplings buffeted

eyes began to decay and refused to do their office.

At last a house was before them. Through vellow-papered window shone an uncertain light. The ghoul conducted his prisoner to the uneven threshold and kicked the decrepit door. It swung groaning back and he dragged the little man into

turned the pineboard walls and furniture a dull orange. Before a table sat a wild, gray man. The ghoul threw his victim upon a chair and went and stood by the man. They regarded the little man with eyes that made wheels revolve in his

raguely that it was dishevelled as from a terrific scuffle. Chairs lay shattered, and dishes in the been present. There were moments of silence, their victim. A three of fear passed over him and he sank limp in his chair. His eyes swept feverishly over the faces of his termentors.

The offier cleared his throat and stood up. "Stranger," he said, suddenly, "how much is thirty-three bushels of pertaters at sixty-four 'an a

The ghoul leaned forward to eatch the reply The wild, gray man straightened his figure and listened. A fierce light shone on their faces.

"Twenty-one, no, two, six and--" "Quick!" hissed the ghoul, hoarsely. "Twenty-one dollars and twenty-eight cents and a half," laboriously stuttered the little man.

See? Didn't I tell yer that?"

BOUND TO BE ACCUEATE. From The Chicago Tribune.

PROGRESS OF THE JEW-HUNI.

The Jews in Russia are still being expelled from their homes and compelled to reside in a restricted area in that country, called the "Pale of Settlement," area in that country, called the "Pale of Settlement," They are often handcufed frequently to the vilest of criminals and led through the public streets by Enne-criminals and led through the public streets of prisoner is completed together by the right or left hand, and a long through a padicek attached. Thus each prisoner is thin methad of dealing with a people whose oally or chief offices seems to be that they will not early themselves as members of the Orthodox Greek Church, will come as a revelation to English readers; but, unfortunately, the facts are only too well attacked. Where the Jews consent to be converted they are permitted to live more roless unmolested; but the infinite legal restrictions which hem in every action of the Jew, and compel him to obtain police sanction for everything he desires to do, renders him a ready subject for blackmail, and be can live only by briber. The poverty of the bulk From Black and White.

of these people has now reached that stage where bribery is impossible. Hence the restrictive laws are enforced with all possible rigor, and the Jews are now leing sent to the "Fule" in larger numbers than ever. The following novel advertisement, which needs no comment, is taken from the official "Moscow Government Gazette," 1892: "The Moscow Government Administration hereby give notice that they will all to receive tenders on the 22d January, to be ret-radered for on 27th January, for the manacling and unmanacling of prisoners in the Moscow Central Forwarding Prison and the Prison Hospital.,..."

ONTARIO'S CENTENARY.

AN ANIMATED SCENE AT THE OLD PARLIA-MENT HOUSE.

IN UPPER CANADA-HISTORIC INCIDENTS

booking old building herewith pictured played a prominent part in to-day's celebration here of the tooth anniversary of the establishment of the Provincial Government of Upper Canada, now Ontario. It of that Government, for it was the first Parliamen House, and the headquarters of the first Governo of the new Province, John Graves Simcoe. It is undoubtedly the oldest building in the Niagara n the bank of the river at Niagara-or Ningara-on-the-Lake as it was known until recentlyand is just above the few remaining rulns of old Fort George. It used to stand a few hundred fect When Pitt's eloquence and sagacity succeeded in

Quebec, in 1791, John Graves Simcoe, a British oldler who had seen active service Americans in the Revolution, was sent out as first Governor of the new Province. On his way hither e stopped at Kingston, and there, July 16, 1792,

erganized his Government by selecting his executive and legislative council. Strictly speaking, the present celebration belongs to Kingston. One hundred hough he had designated Newark (now the town of Ningara) as his future capital. He set out for rom Kingston, with a fleet of small boats, July 21. and some days later made his headquarters above Before he took possession, it had been used for housing Government stores fo in the lake navy. Navy Hall is mentioned in British military reports as early as 1789, and it was prob The main building is said to have been burned in 1813, very likely by the Americans. But here, in September, 1762, the first Pro-vincial Assembly of Upper Canada was held, and it continued to be the legislative half of the Province until 1792, when the seat of government was moved to

lowed to its present site. It belongs to the Govern-tent. At one time, and that since sincee's time, it among them United States Commissioners Randolph, Picken and Lincoln, the great chief Brant, and the Duke de la Rechefoncauld-Linncourt—entitle it to modern respect and preservation. The Duke was Gov-ernor simcoe's guest at Navy Hall for some weeks in

English law in the Province, thus superseting the old laws of Canada founded on the French civil law. The

At yesterday's celebration at Niagara, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick read the proclamation and other documents connected with the opening of the first Parliament, and the anniversary will be still further

The Ontario Government appropriated \$1,500 to-ard the expense of the celegration, which was of secial importance to Canada for reasons pointed out

The Ontario Government appropriated \$1,500 toward the expense of the celegration, which was of special importance to Camada for reasons pointed out by the Memorial Committee:

"The act called the amadian Constitutional act, passed by the imperial Parliament in 1791, created out of the territory theretofore administered under the Quebec act, the two new Provinces of Upper and Lower tanada, and endowed them with representative institutions. Obviously the occasion is not of merely local of provincial interest, but equally deserves the attention of the whole of our confederated Dominion. Moreover, the new constitution marked a stage in the history of the English colonial empire, it was not only an incident of local history, but a positical event of general importance. Although before 1701 the people of Nova scotia had established for themselves the right to hold a representative assembly, yet that right was still. Blue the privileges of the former New-England colonies, an incident growing out of a Royal Chapter. The Canadian Constitution, under the act of 1791, was the first Representative Colonial Constitution guaranteed by act of the Imperial Parliament. By it, for the first ime, the Commons of England conclusively recognized the citizenship and the co-equal gights of their fellow-subjects in the colonies. It secured the broad foundation upon which the great modern union of British nations now stands—all loyal to the same Crown, but each, in respect of its internal affairs, being virtually independent of any legislature except its own. Looking at the consequences that have followed, the long continuance and great promise of the Empire that has a significance, not only in the history of the Dominion, but in the progress and political prospects of the modern world."

BIBLES AND BEER From The London Star.

From The London Star.

Mr. Douglas Henty, who has left £50,000 to foreign missions and a Bible society, was head of the biggest brewery in West Sussex. He was certainly a strong churchman, but his inclinations were those of a sportsman. He kept racehorses, and at one time cut a considerable figure on the turf, so that this disposal of a third part of his personal estate has caused some talk about Chichester, where the major portion of the innety public-houses he owned are situated. The Hentys are one of the wealthest trading families in the south of England. They units brewing and banking, like many of the great brewers, who first acquire the command of public-houses, and then educate their publicans to give them the use of their money. The Cobbolds and the Lacons, in the eastern counties, and a score et allows, have done the same.

traction to the poor people of the district, who have attested their interest by thronging the little gallery every evening that it has been open. The attendance averages about 1,000 people in an evening, and has gone as high as 1,200. So great has been the success of the exhibition in engaging the attention of the people for whose benefit it was projected, that the University Settlement Society has taken another month's lease of the rooms, and will keep them open at least through the first week in August. The exdibition is open every evening and on Sunday after noons. It was closed on the Fourth of July, how

everybody in the district. Invitations have been issued to the G. A. R. posts, of which there are severa rganization, to attend in a body or individ Had the time for closing the public schools not been so near at hand, the school children would have been invited, and doubtless would have attended in larger numbers than at present. Most of the visitors to the xhibition are Hebrews, the district being one containing a large and almost exclusively Hebrew popu Consequently the society has found visable to have a Hebrew catalogue printed, and elaborate annotated catalogue, with its interesting and suggestive comments and quotations concerning the pictures, and the one in Hebrew, which apparently gives merely the list of the exhibit by name and

This voting scheme, which has been applied with much success in similar exhibitions held for the poor in East London, has not been altogether successful here, helefly because its purpose has not been thoroughly understood. With rare exceptions the visitors have gained the impression that the pictures a result of the balloting, somebody was going to secure one of them. Many have failed to see why there should be any voting, if this were not the case, there have been a good many choices registered in the manner intended. Of course, the pictures which tell an obvious story, especially those of a sentimental sort, are the ones which appeal most strongly to the taste of the Allen-st, visitors, consequently such pictures as "The Love-Letter," "The Lost Child," and "The Folish Wedding" lead in the number of votes. The ballots called for a second choice on the "nature pictures," as the landscapes were termed, for the sake of clearness—this class of work being generally totally disregarded in favor of the sentimental or story-telling pictures when a choice was called for. The meaning, owever, has not been well understood, and nature pictures have been thought to be any that treated of " natural" subject. A new set of ballots has, there fore, been prepared, going into detailed explanations. The voting on the landscapes, so far as it has been practised, has put Mr. Bierstadt's scenic and highly colored "Falls of the Yellowstone" in the lead. Rather unexpectedly, the great Danbigny has also received a

ment Society is only one detail in the comprehensive scheme which it sets before itself, but it is eminently characteristic of the whole. That is, in its essence the elevating and ennobling of the degraded ideals of life prevailing in the slums of this great city. Its general aims are such as Arnold Toyt with in London, and which have resulted in the estab lishment of Toynbee Hall, with its manifold activities to help the poor in many ways. The University. Settlement Society has its headquarters in Forsyth-st., differing from none of the others live three or four young men-it should be three or four score-of gentle breeding, university education and hearts of large as they have the neighbors, of the poor folk of the of the boys' and young men's clubs which are a part which they have established. Many are the ways in which they exert a helpful influence toward a higher

which they exert a helpful influence toward a higher ideal of life and living, without preaching, and without charity, in the usual sense of giving things. Preaching, they have found, does not avail in this quarter of the city. The influence of example and personal contact counts for the most.

It is this personal element in the work upon which the idea of the University settlement chiefly rests. The harrier between the two classes of society, the rich and the poor, the University settlement people consider to be the most appulling feature of the modern sectal problem; and they have gone to work to break down that barries, and to further a better understanding between rich and poor. They have understanding between rich and poor. They have understanding between rich and poor of things implied in a once popular parody of Dr. Watt's hymn.

Whenc'er I take my walks abread,

How many poor I see;

And as I never speak to them,

They never speak to me.

And as I never speak to them,

They never speak to me.

The relations of friendship and of confidence, which they have formed with their neighbors, are a source of benefit to both parties. The University settlers abhor the word charity as applied to what they are doing. It is not charity, say they, but mutual helpfulness. They sternly oppose any attempt to draw fundamental lines of class between their intercourse is on the feature of the set of th

but mutual helpfulness. They sternly oppose any attempt to draw fundamental lines of class between them and their friends of the neighborhood, and all their intercourse is on the footing of that between gentlemen. This is the secret of the singular influence exercised by the resident members of the society upon the people of the district, and the potent though unobtrusive tendency toward better things that is the result of their presence there.

The non-resident members of the society comprise a large number of college graduates, both in New-York and elsewhere, who contribute the fluancial support necessary for the rent of the Neighborhood Guild rooms and other expenses. The society desires and expects to creet a large building for its own use in the East Side district, where its own is in the East Side district, where its own is in the East Side district, where its work is done; and although funds have not been raised for this purpose, plans have been prepared for a building, comprising a gymnasium, lecture and meetings rooms and other provision for the work of the society. A meeting of the council of the society is to be held before laig, when measures for securing the necessary funds will be devised and active efforts set in motion to relies them.

A FRENCH WEDDING LARK. From The London Daily Telegraph.

From The London Daily Telegraph.

Comic events frequently occur during the progress and development of French matrimonial festivities. On the Avenue de Versailles lately what was intended to be a gay honeymoon comedy had a rather tragic termination. A newly-made bride, with all her orange blossoms thick upon her, was seated with her husband and some friends in a large backney car which bowled along the broad avenue, when she suddenly took it into her head to change places with the coachman. In the twinkling of an ere the young woman was in the box seat handling the ribands and cracking the whip, much to the amusement of the wedding guests and the John. All went merry as a marriage bell for a few minutes, until the bride unfortunately drove over a laundress, who was prepelling a small handcart full of dingy linen down the road. Shrieks were heard, the hackney coach was stopped, and while the wedding guests were looking after the injured woman, the real driver jump dupon his seat and disappeared quickly from the scene of the accident. Then the police arrived, and the bride was arrested, no summons beling taken out against the Jehu, for the simple reason that nobody had his number. The laundress, when examined during the hearing of the case, said that the vehicle which damaged herself and her handcart was being driven in tigzas fashion. In her opinion, the bride, bridgeroom, their friends, and the coachman ware all under the influence of alcoholic stimulants. They looked very red in the face, and laughed botsterously. The bride indigmanty refuted these assertions, and said that everybody was as sober as the complainant herself, who was more culpable than anybody, for she allowed herself to get on the wrong side of the road. The magistrate cut short the arruments by calling witnesses who festified as to the inebriety of the members of the honeymonon party. As the complainant has received no permanent injury by being run over, the bride was let off with a fine of £1, being further ordered to give £2 to the laundress

when will be indulge that disposition? cellent "recipes" of things to do in case of different

fevers. Now she could think of nothing. to go home first and arrange for Colburn's meals

How is Mr. Grove?" she inquired. Bad, very bad," was the reply with even

Then he remarked again that a man's wife all the rest of the community, had been greatly say anything more about falling into the water.

ested in Deacon Grove's fourth marriage

and in his wife's subsequent action. The whole

lent nuss.

Nothing had happened since that could serve to take the public mind from that topic. ought to be with him. She did say, however,

But he had never felt that he knew much about this affair of Grove's. The girl was not like the rest of the girls around there. He used to attend her in those various attacks

of the croup; but when a child is very small, and is struggling with the croup, you cannot judge with any certainty what she will be when she is grown, and is influenced to a distasteful marriage. Presently the doctor went out of the room with the tumbler of medicine in his hand.

He could be heard going up the stairs which led from the front entry, and then his steps were audible in the room above. In this manner Mrs. North discovered that the deacon was sick in the spare chamber.

kitchen. She heard some one there and she wanted to know it Mr. Grove's old housekeeper was still "doing the work." Besides, the widow Amos Morse might communicate some items of interest. And first of all Roxy wanted to know how 'Gusty Riddle happened to be there. Mrs. Morse was on her knees with a pail of water and a dish of yellow soap beside her.

git up, 'n' when she was up it was hard to git down; and that she weighed more'n she used to when she was young. From the size of the Widow Morse all of these assertions were probably strictly true.

She rubbed soap on to her mop and then bent forward to scrub the board in front of ber. she did so she told her visitor to take that chair by the stove where the floor was washed and Roxy turned her helpless face deliberately toward make herself to home. She explained that there wa'n't no use standing on ceremony when there was sickness in the house. Mrs. North sat down. She looked at the clock.

> As Mrs. Morse was wringing out her mop she said that if a man had a wife it was "usually expected she'd help take care of her husband when

> could." wife helps take care of her husband when he's sick. I s'pose your Katharine's havin' a good

think, for her part, that Katharine would have a good time anywhere. Her anger against the girl was growing daily And her belief was increasing that all the disagreeable things that had happened since that wedding day were Katharine's fault-even to the pushing of the deacon into the water and the rheumatic fever that now held him in its power.

Mrs. North did not now repress the groan. Then she remarked that she understood from the doctor that 'Gusty Riddle was in the house as nuss Hadn't 'Gusty got no shame? The floor washer sat back on her heels with

"I ain't dyin' in love with 'Gusty myself," evening and she was dimly grateful, although she said, "but somebody 'd got to nuss the deacon she could not see what bearing a preparatory lec- and you know very well, Mis' North, that I, with my flesh, 'n' the housework, 'n' the butter to make, couldn't be expected to do it. 'Taint

in reason.

would kinder hated to come here like this-now he's married, to. Did he send for her?" "I d'know exactly how that was; but I ruther think, knowin' 'Gusty 's I do, that she took care

that the deacon knew that, sence old Mis' Newton

died, she's been out of a job." "I bet she did," said Roxy, with more emphasis igh. If he dies you'll be responsible. I than she usually used. "But the deacon ain't a dngle man now, and he never did take to Riddle."

> av that. Is that her on the stairs?" She turned her head to listen.

of about forty appeared. The front of her hair was carefully arranged in a curly fluff. The had on a light blue print gown with a white ruffle She had almost colorless, extremely prominen eyes, a little nose and a chin inclined to come forward too much. She also had a girlish air.

herself up as if she ought not to give way so much to the habits of youth. She looked good " 'Tis you, ain't it, Mis' North?" she said.

wants to see you 'fore you go." She laughed gently as she ceased speaking. She announced, with another laugh, that she guessed she'd put on the double boiler 'n' make that

Roxy glanced at the clock again. She reckoned that Colburn had just about reached the west She rose from her chair and said she guessed

wife ought to be with him when he was sick.

And again Mrs. North replied: I done the best I could.' "Everybody says you couldn't done no more," Gusty hastened to say consolingly. Marcellus Grove was lying restlessly in his bed

face was crimson. He flounced his arms out. Miss Riddle care fully tricked them in again, and reminded him of what the doctor had said about a chill.

His head was bound with a handkerchief; his

Mrs. North sat in a chair and leaned over him The deucon glared up at her. "I want Kate to know about this," he said I want you to see that she does know, right

advanced and tucked them in. Right away," ne repeated. "I'll send a letter to-day," answered Mrs. But don't build nothing on it." North. "You tell her she's to blame for this," went or

mark very loudly. He was gently pushed down on the pillo Gusty, who again spoke of a chill. Roxy did not think she could bear to hear him

She rose. She said he might depend upon her

Colburn could not be more than half way to the west part of the town now.

he was sick." "Mis' Morse," said the visitor, "I done all I "I ain't blamin' nobody in partic'lar," was the response, "only it is gen'rally the ease that a

time to the shore. Mrs. North could hardly repress a groan, but she did repress it. She answered that she shouldn't

"Girls are monstrous queer things," said Mrs.

her mop in one hand and her cake of soap in the She gazed at the woman in the chair by other.

should have thought that anybody who'd tried to git Mr. Grove, as everybody knows 'Gusty tried,

"No, 'taint," responded Mrs. North. "But I

"He ain't the only man that don't take to

her"-here Mrs. Morse chuckled. "But nobody an't say she ain't a good nuss." "No," acquiesced Mrs. North, "nobody can' The next moment the door opened and a woman

She walked with a kind of skip; she laughed with almost every word she said; then she would catch

she entered. "I didn't really believe it was, but the deacon he stuck to it you hadn't gone-the doctor said you'd called-and the deacon says he

sustard while there was a fire. The doctor sald the deacon might have a custard.

she'd go right up. 'Gusty, having placed the double boiler over the fire, hastened to lead the way. She turned to say in a whisper that it did seem as if a man's

The man mumbled something which a maliciou person might interpret as being that a chill

Then he flung his arms out again. 'Gusty

the deacon more excitedly. "If she hadn't done as she has I shouldn't have gone to the shore, and then fallen into the water. It's the least she can do to come here now. I don't ask her to take care of me. She ain't had any experience. But she ought to be here."

He rose on one elbow and repeated his last re-

might be damned.

kind of underhand proceeding.

She had been roused from a vague and exquisite fream which the sky, and the shore, and water, and the presence of her Aunt Kate had called into

She hesitated an instant with it in her hand. It was terrible to have such a feeling to-Mrs. Llandaff did not look at her; she went into

It seemed to her that she had slept a long time she felt her hand grasped tightly. She

at the girl.

"Of course I'll waken; though I haven't been asleep—that is, I have been dreaming. But what is it?" she sat up suddenly. "What has your mother been deing now? Let me see that letter."

But Katharine did not relinquish the letter. Her fingers closed tightly on it.

"Aunt Kate," she said, "I think I shall have to go back."

"Go back where?"

"To Feeding Hills."

Mrs. Llandaff now rose from the bed. She

rs. Llandaff now rose from the bed. She set that the elder woman dropped the arm and drew back a step.

can't be that-that widower."

"For whom, then? Don't you see you mustite go there at all?"

"The girl's hands—shut themselves tightly. But she held herself perfectly still.

"It's for father. It's for father," she answered.
"Don't you think I'd do anything for him?"

"But he can't ask this of you. Child, don't you think I know Colburn North?"

The woman's voice thrilled somewhat in that last sentence. Katharine gazed caserly at her as if she could almost hope for some solution, some way out of the trouble which had come upon her.

But she knew directly that she could not.
"No." she said, "he doesn't know that mother

ony. But the girl controlled herself and walked away

looking the bay.

Involuntarily she walked toward the balcony.

ame close to her with that unconsidered and and kicked the little man out of the door.

He came close to her with that unconsidered and almost involuntary movement which means a great deal in a man accustomed to the minute restraints of society.

"Miss North," he exclaimed almost in a whisper, "what has happened to make you suffer so. Oh! do let me help you!"

It reemed as if he were going to take her hand, but he did not. He stood for an instant inclining toward her.

Katharine's face turned toward him. She knew with a kind of rush of feeling and intense thankfulness his desire to be of use to her.

"Do let me help you!" he repeated.

Then he stood upright, conscious that, though no windows opened on the little balcony, some eyes might see them and note his unconventional attitude.

eyes might see them and note his unconventional attitude.

"How kind you are!" she said in the same half voice he had used in speaking. It was a voice that gave a certain confidential air to the interview, and that made it have a still more decided power in Llandaff's memory.

The young man knew that he ought to resume his usual manner. He was sure that he ought; but how could be resume it with a face like that looking up at him with complete arriessness.

He was at this moment having ocular demonstration that he had never in his life before seen a woman's face without more or less self-consciousness in it. He had not believed it possible that—here his thoughts went off into a fascinating vagueness.

vagueness.

Katharine drew back a step—
"I wanted to look at the water again," sh

strength and wholesomeness of Royal Baking Powder is never questioned.

Do not permit the grocer or peddler to substitute any other brand in place of the Royal.

THE STORY OF A SULLIVAN COUNTY PROD-

Once a camplire lay dving in a fit of temper A few weak flames struggled cholerically among the burned-out logs. Beneath, a mass of angry. red coals glowered and hated the world. Some hemlocks sighed and sung and a wind purred in the grass. The moon was looking through the locked branches at four imperturbable bundles of blankets which lay near the agonized campling

"Lord!" he said. He found himself looking

"What?" The little man whimpered. He grew

The little man blindly staggered in the direction indicated. The three bundles by the fire

He cast a dazed glance about the room and saw

At last the ghoul spoke. "Well!" he said to the wild, gray man.

Their breaths came wiftly. The little man wriggled his legs in agony.

The ghoul gave a tremendous howl. "There, Tom Jones, dearn yer!" he yelled, "what did I tell yer! hey? Hain't I right? The wild, gray man's body shook. delivered of a trightful roar. He sprang torward

"I am glad to become acquainted with you. Montooth," said the lady, somewhat embarrassed, the neighbor who had called on her for the first in "How is Mr. Montooth and how are the little Mis Monteeth?"

THE OLDEST HOUSE NOW STANDING ENTIRE WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE THERE. Niagara, Ont., July 16 (Special).-The Insignificant-



The bundles were properly title man stumbled on alone with the ghoul. York now Toronto.

There is a story that this first assembly was held in There is a story that this first assembly was held in There is a story that this first assembly was held in and stones turned away from his feet, the open air under the trees near the Navy Hall. The of the Neighborhood Guild, and help the young w

the ceremony observed at the sitting of Parliament, and also a grand fets held at Navy Hall in honor of

Parliament, and the anniversary will be still further colebrated by the striking of a bronze medal about 1.7-a neches in diameter, bearing on its obverse the head of Sincoe and on the reverse this legend;

Representative System Proclamed,

Kingsten, July 16, 1792.

ART IN ALLEN ST. A SUCCESS

THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT SOCIETYS EXHIBITION.

SOME CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE SHOW AND ITS VISITORS-THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY AND ITS PRO-The free art exhibition which was opened form weeks ago at No. 73 Allen-st, by the University Settle

ment society has been a source of much encourage ment to its projectors. It has proved a great at done the pictures by firecrackers in the hands of irresponsible people. As it was, one or two boys on the elevated milroad, which passes just ontside, threw some Fourth of July explosives into the open windows, but fortunately no damage was done. With this single my one to do injury to the priceless works of art com priding the exhibition. The people in charge are making every effort to

have the exhibition brought to the attention of in the neighborhood, and to the veteran firemen's number. The ballots, too, which have been prepared for the visitors to vote with upon their favorite pictures, are in Hebrew and English,

good many votes The work being done here by the University Settle-

where it was evolved out of the Neighborhood Guild. Stanton Colt, now devoted to a similar work in East They have made themselves the friends,

MONMOUTH PARK RACES ON TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS, THURSVIA READING BAILROAD SYSTEM.

Trains leave station Central Railroad of New-Jersey, foot of Liberty-st., at 8:15, 10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30 special, 12:48 Special, 1:00 Special, 12:48 Special, 1:00 Special, 1:00 p. m.; vja Sandy Hook route from tier 8, North River, at 9:00, 11:00 k. m., 12:15, 1:00 p. m., Parlor cars on all Special Trains.